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BARBAROSSA:

A

TRAGEDY.



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T. E. G. D. N.



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A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.



DUBLIN:

Printed for J. EXSHAW, R. JAMES, R. MAIN,
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BARBAROSSA

T R Ä G E D E

THEATRE-ROYAL

D R U R Y - L A N E

1607/2353.



U B L I N

James Street, Bookellers, 110 BOND ST.



P R O L O G U E,

*Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by him
in the Character of a Country Boy.*

Measter! measter!

I S not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—
The aëtor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter!
He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen, pale-fac'd man, do—find him out—
Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame
Call mister—hold—I must not tell his name.

*Law! what a croud is here! what noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t'other.*

[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.]

*I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze!
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!—
Your servant, surs!—what do you laugh for? eh!
You donna take me sure for one o' th' play?
You shou'd not flout an honest country-lad,—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [Laughing.
I donna like your London tricks, not I,
And since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why?
And if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.*

*I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great;*

P R O L O G U E.

But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en,
 I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.
 First, in the city I took up my station,
 And got a place with one of th' corporation,
 A round big man—he eat a plagy deal,
 Zooks ! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal !
 But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
 For, cou'd you think't ?—he eat a great Sea-toad !
 It cume from Indies—'twas as big as me,
 He call'd it belly-patch, and capapee :
 Law ! how I star'd !—I thought,—who knows, but I,
 For want of monsters, may be made a pye ;
 Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
 I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.

I left Toad-eater ; then I sarv'd a lord,
 And there they promis'd !—but ne'er kept their word.
 While 'mong the great, this geaming work the trade is,
 They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
 Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
 She turn'd the world top down, as I may say,
 She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day !
 I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
 She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
 Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days !

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits,
 There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
 Our meals, indeed, are slender,—what of that ?
 There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
 Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
 You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece,
 But shou'd you find that all our swans are geese !
 E'feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
 But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.





EPIL O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of
a fine Gentleman.

Enter—speaking without.

P S H A W!—damn your Epilogue—and hold
your tongue—

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten Epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in linguum Grecum.
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

To the Audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!—
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you—(let it not surprize you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you—
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-logue speaking savage,—that great looby,
To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say
Twas low—damn'd low!—but save the fellow's
play—

Let the poor devil eat,—allow him that,
And give a meal to Measter, Mon, and Cat:
But why attack the fashions?—senseless rogue!—
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode shou'd all controul—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion;

I hate

EPILOGUE.

*I hate as much as he, a Turtle-Feast,
 But 'till the present Turtle-rage has ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
 I have no ears,—yet op'ras I adore!—
 Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!
 The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!
 They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free—
 Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me.
 Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
 When thoughts arise I always game, or drink,
 An English gentleman shou'd never think—
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;
 In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politicks or madness:
 I therefore now propose—by your command,
 That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
 Send o'er your Shakespears to the sons of France,
 Let them grow grave—Let us begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone to bless these golden times,
 A farce or two—and Woodward's pantomimes!*





A N

A P O L O G Y.

THE author of the Prologue and Epilogue, would not have published them had it not been customary to print them with the play. He is very sensible that they can have little or no merit in the reading, their effect wholly depending upon the characters which speak them, and the novelty of introducing them. They were likewise written at a very short warning, for the author of the play, had not provided these usual, and therefore necessary parts of the performance, which Mr. GARRICK thought proper to provide at all events.





Advertisement.

“ **T**RAGEDY, as it was anciently
“ composed, hath been ever held the
“ graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of
“ all other poems. Hence philoſophers, and
“ other graveſt writers, as, *Cicero*, *Plutarch*,
“ and others, frequently cite out of tragic
“ poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their
“ diſcourſe. The apoſtle *Paul* himſelf,
“ thought it not unworthy to insert a verſe
“ of a *Greek* Poet into the text of holy Scrip-
“ ture.—Heretofore, men in hiſheſt dignity
“ have laboured, not a little, to be thought
“ able to compoſe a tragedy. Of that ho-
“ nour *Dionysius* the elder, was no leſs am-
“ bitious, than before, of his attaining to
“ the tyranny. *Augustus Cæſar* alſo had be-
“ gun his *Ajax*, but unable to pleaſe his own
“ judgment, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the
“ philoſopher, is by ſome thought the author
“ of thoſe tragedies, at leaſt the beſt of them
“ that go under that name. *Gregory Nazian-
“ zen*, a father of the church, thought it
“ not unbefeeming the ſanctity of his perſon
“ to write a tragedy, which is intituled,
“ *Chriſt Suffering*. This is mentioned, to
“ vindicate

ADVERTISEMENT.

vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many, it undergoes at this day."

So far the great *Milton*: who strengthen'd these examples by *his own*. The author hath nothing more to add, save only that he hath aimed to write this piece, in its *essential parts*, according to the model of ancient tragedy, so far as modern ideas and manners wou'd permit. And he is so gratefully sensible of that favourable reception it hath met with from the public, that in every future attempt, he will assuredly labour to merit their farther regards, by keeping in his eye the same great originals.



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

BARBAROSSA,	Mr. Mossop.
ACHMET,	Mr. Garrick.
OTHMAN,	Mr. Havard.
SADI,	Mr. Davies.
ALADIN,	Mr. Usher.
OFFICER,	Mr. Mozeen.
SLAVE,	Mr. Walker.
ZAPHIRA,	Mrs. Cibber.
IRENE,	Miss Macklin.
SLAVE,	Miss Minors.

OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, and SLAVE

SCENE, *the Royal Palace of ALGIERS.*

TIME, *a few Hours about Midnight.*





BARBAROSSA.



ACT I.

Enter OTHMAN and a SLAVE.

OTHMAN.



Stranger, say'st thou, that inquires of
Othman?

Slave. He does ; and waits admittance.

Othm. Did he tell
His name and quality ?

Slave. That, he declined :

But call'd himself thy friend.

Othm. Where didst thou see him ?

Slave. Ev'n now, while twilight clos'd the day, I
spy'd him

Musing amid' the ruins of yon tow'r

That overhangs the flood. On my approach,

With aspect stern, and words of import dark,

He question'd me of *Othman*. Then the tear

Stole from his eye. But when I talk'd of pow'r

And courtly honours here conferr'd on thee,

His frown grew darker : all I wish'd, he cry'd,

Is to confer with him, and then to die.

Othm. What may this mean ?—Conduct the stranger
to me.

[*Exit Slave.*]

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd

From voluntary exile to *Algiers*,

Once known in happier Days.

B

Enter



Enter Sadi.

Ha! *Sadi* here!
My honor'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not.
These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Othm. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Bespeaks my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As *Sadi's* to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
The slave of insolence! why lick the dust
Beneath his feet, who laid *Algiers* in ruin?
But Age, which shou'd have taught thee honest caution,
Has taught thee treachery!

Othm. Mistaken man!
Cou'd passion prompt me to licentious speech
Like thine——

Sadi. Peace, false one! peace! the slave to pow'r
Still wears a pliant tongue.—O shame to dwell
With murder, lust, and rapine!—Did he not
Come from the depths of *Barca's* solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? O fatal hour!
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
Gaze on the queen *Zaphira*? yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he wou'd enjoy!
O, complicated horrors! hell-born treach'ry!
Then fell our country, when good *Selim* dy'd!
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Can'st wear the murd'rer's badge.

Othm. Yet hear me, *Sadi*——

Sadi. What can dishonour plead?

Othm. Yet blame not prudence.

Sadi. Prudence! the stale pretence of ev'ry knave!
The traitor's ready mask!

Othm.

Othm. Yet still I love thee :

Yet unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal.
Bethink thee !—might I not insult thy flight
With the foul names of fear, or perfidy ?
Didst thou not fly, when *Barbarossa's* sword
Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen ?
What then did I ?—Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen——

Sadi. In pity ?

Othm. Yes, *Sadi* : Heav'n is witness, pity sway'd me.

Sadi. Words, words ! dissimulation all, and guilt !

Othm. With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of *Barbarossa's* friends :
In hope, that some propitious hour might rise,
When heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his throne,
And give young *Selim* to his orphan'd people.

Sadi. Indeed ! can't thou be true ?

Othm. By heav'n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus ?

Othm. Have I not told thee ?

I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's pow'r
By the weak fallies of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. Enough : I find thee honest : and with pride
Will join thy councils. This, my faithful arm,
Wasted with misery, shall gain new nerves
For brave resolves. Can aught, my friend, be done ?
Can aught be dar'd ?

Othm. We groan beneath the scourge.
This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance,
For the foul murder of our honor'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.
Our long-lov'd friends, and bravest citizens,
Self-banish'd to the desert, mourn in exile :
While the fell tyrant lords it o'er a crew
Of abject sycophants, the needy tools
Of pow'r usurp'd ; and a degen'rate train
Of slaves in arms.

Sadi. O my devoted country !——

But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Othm. If pain be life, she lives : but in such woe,
As want and slavery might view with pity,

Enter Sadi.

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Of slaves in arms.

Sadi. O my devoted country !——
But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Othm. If pain be life, she lives : but in such woe,
As want and slavery might view with pity,

And blefs their happier lot ! hemm'd round by terrors,
 Within this cruel palace, once the feat
 Of ev'ry joy, thro' seven long, tedious years,
 She weeps her murder'd lord, her exil'd fon,
 Her people fall'n: the murd'rer of her lord,
 Returning now from conquest o'er the *Moors*,
 Tempts her to marriage ; spurr'd at once by lust,
 And black ambition. But with noble firmness,
 Surpassing ~~the~~ female, she rejects his vows,
 Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,
 With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son ;
 And—Oh ! detested monster ! [He weeps.]

Sadi. Yet more deeds
 Of cruelty ! just heaven !

Othm. His rage pursues
 The virtuous youth, ev'n into foreign climes.
 Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
 Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
 Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith !
 Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror !
 Give me thy poignard ; lead me to the tyrant.
 What tho' surrounding guards——

Othm. Repress thy fury.
 Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
 Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Hasten thee hence ;
 Hasten to the remnant of our loyal friends,
 And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
 Remember, *Othman*, (and let vengeance rise)
 How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
 Welt'ring, we found our prince ! the deadly dagger
 Deep in his heart was fix'd ! his royal blood,
 The life-blood of his people, o'er the Bath
 Ran purple ! O remember ! and revenge !

Othm. Doubt not my zeal. But haste and seek our
 friends.

Near to the western port *Almanzor* dwells,
 Yet uneduc'd by *Barbarossa's* pow'r.
 He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
 Of *Selim's* safety, or (what more I dread)

Of *Selim's* death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter. But let caution guide thee.
For in these walks, where tyranny and guilt
Usurp the throne, wakeful suspicion dwells,
And squint-ey'd jealousy, prone to pervert
Ev'n looks and smiles to treason.

Sadi. I obey thee.

Near to the western port, thou say'st.

Othm. Ev'n there.

Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I wou'd not have thee found within these walls.

[*Flourish.*

And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud *Barbarossa*, with his train.

Begone——

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps!—Farewel—Remember, *Othman*,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrongs.

[*Exit Sadi.*

Othm. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter Barbarossa, guards, &c.

Barb. Valiant *Othman*,
Are these vile slaves impal'd?

Othm. My lord, they are.

Barb. Did not the rack extort confession from them?

Othm. They dy'd obdurate: while the melting crowd
Murmur'd out pity for their groans and anguish.

Barb. Curse on their womanish hearts! what, pity
slaves

Whom my supreme decree condemn'd to torture?
Are you not all my slaves, to whom my nod
Gives life or death?

Othm. To doubt thy will, is treason.

Barb. I love thee, faithful *Othman*: but why sits
That sadness on thy brow? For oft' I find thee

Musing and sad ; while joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the *Moors* o'erthrown,
Resounds thro' all my palace.

Othm. Mighty warrior !

The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft' neglect, or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give,

Barb. Well : be it so.

To guard *Algiers* from anarchy's misrule,
I sway the regal scepter. Who deserves,
Shall meet protection : and who merits not,
Shall meet my wrath in thunder.—But 'tis strange,
That when with open arms, I wou'd receive
Young *Selim* ; wou'd restore the crown, which death
Rest from his father's head.—He scorns my bounty ;
Shuns me with fullen and obdurate hate,
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes,
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.

Othm. 'Tis strange indeed.—

Enter Aladin.

Alad. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to *Algiers* and thee.
Young *Selim* is no more.

Othm. Indeed !

Barb. Indeed !—Why that astonishment ?
He was our bitterest foe.

Othm. So perish all
Thy causeless enemies !

Barb. What says the rumour ?
How dy'd the prince, and where ?

Alad. The rumour tells,
That flying to *Oran*, he there begg'd succours
From *Ferdinand* of *Spain*, t'invade *Algiers*.

Barb. From christian dogs !

Othm. How ! league with infidels !

Alad. And there held council with the haughty *Spaniard*,

To conquer and dethrone thee : but in vain :
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,

Wherein

Wherein the one fell by his dauntless valour,
Selim at length was slain.

Barb. Ungrateful boy!
 Oft' have I courted him to meet my kindness;
 But still in vain: he shun'd me like a pestilence:
 Nor cou'd I e'er behold him, since the down
 Cover'd his manly cheek.—How many years
 Number'd he?

Othm. I think, scarce thirteen, when his father dy'd,
 And now, some twenty.

Barb. *Othman*, now for proof
 Of undissembled service.—Well I know,
 Thy long-experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
 In the queen's confidence: the crown I wear
 Yet totters on my head, till marriage-rites
 Have made her mine. *Othman*, she must be won.
 Plead thou my cause of love: bid her dry up
 Her fruitless tears: paint forth her long delays,
 Wake all thy eloquence: make her but mine,
 And such unfought reward shall crown thy zeal,
 As shall out-soar thy wishes.

Othm. Mighty king,
 Where duty bids, I go.

Barb. Then haste thee, *Othman*,
 Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease
 Hath reach'd her ear; ere yet the mournful tale
 Hath whelm'd her in a new abyss of woe,
 And quench'd all soft affection, save for him.
 Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love!
 Haste—fly—I follow thee. [Exit *Othman*.

Now *Aladin*.

Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port:
 We ride secure, on her most prosp'rous billow.
 This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
 Th' attempt was greatly daring?

Alad. Ay; and necessary.
 What boot'd it, to cut the old serpent off,
 While the young adder nested in his place?

Barb. True: we have conquer'd now. *Algiers* is
 mine,

Without a rival. Thus great souls aspire;

And boldly snatch at crowns, beyond the reach
Of coward conscience.—Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: *Omar*, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
Didst thou not say, two slaves encounter'd *Selim*?

Alad. Ay, two: 'tis rumour'd so,

Barb. And that one fell?

Alad. Ev'n so: by *Selim*'s hand: while his companion
Planted his happier steel in *Selim*'s heart.

Barb. *Omar*, I fear, is fal'n. From my right-hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave:
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of *Selim*'s death; if sickness or captivity,
Or wayward fate, shou'd thwart his quick return.

Alad. The rumour yet is young; perhaps foreruns
The trusty slave's approach.

Barb. We'll wait th' event.

Meantime give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dry'd her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage-rites: spread wide the flatt'ring tale:
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

Alad. It is indeed a thought,
Which prudence whispers.

Barb. Thou, brave *Aladin*,
Hast been the firm companion of my deeds:
Soon shall my friendship's warmth reward thy faith.—
This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the *Moor*. Hence, *Aladin*:
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[Exit *Aladin*.]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish: In *Selim*'s blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er *Africk*'s continent,
And stretch from shore to shore.

Enter *Irene*.

What, drown'd in tears? still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath

Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
To dwell with sorrow.—Why these sullen tears?

Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye:
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Barb. On some rude request.
What wou'dst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd every wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd,
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Now let it melt! urge not thy harsh command
To see her! her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Barb. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness? Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from *Algiers*,
Ere this, my pow'r had reap'd what she denies.
But there's a cause, which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. O frown not thus! sure pity ne'er deserv'd
A parent's frown! then look more kindly on me.
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty!
Unhappy queen!

Barb. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh never shall *Irene* taste of peace,
While poor *Zaphira* mourns!—

Barb. Is this my child?
Perverse and stubborn!—As thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph,
That echoes through *Algiers*! which now shall pierce
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young *Selim*'s death, my empire's bitterest foe.

Irene. O generous *Selim*!

Barb. Ah! there's more in this!
Tell me, *Irene*: on thy duty, tell me:
As thou dost wish, I wou'd not cast thee off,
With an incens'd father's curses on thee,
Now tell me why, at this detested name,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?

And boldly snatch at crowns, beyond the reach
Of coward conscience.—Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: *Omar*, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
Didst thou not say, two slaves encounter'd *Selim*?

Alad. Ay, two: 'tis rumour'd so,

Barb. And that one fell?

Alad. Ev'n so: by *Selim*'s hand: while his companion
Planted his happier steel in *Selim*'s heart.

Barb. *Omar*, I fear, is fall'n. From my right-hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave:
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of *Selim*'s death; if sickness or captivity,
Or wayward fate, shou'd thwart his quick return.

Alad. The rumour yet is young; perhaps foreruns
The trusty slave's approach.

Barb. We'll wait th' event.

Meantime give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dry'd her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage-rites: spread wide the flatt'ring tale:
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

Alad. It is indeed a thought,
Which prudence whispers.

Barb. Thou, brave *Aladin*,
Hast been the firm companion of my deeds:
Soon shall my friendship's warmth reward thy faith.—
This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the *Moor*. Hence, *Aladin*:
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[Exit *Aladin*.]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish: In *Selim*'s blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er *Africk*'s continent,
And stretch from shore to shore.

Enter *Irene*.

What, drown'd in tears? still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath

Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
To dwell with sorrow.—Why these fullen tears?

Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye:
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Barb. On some rude request.
What wou'dst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd every wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd,
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Now let it melt! urge not thy harsh command
To see her! her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Barb. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness? Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from *Algiers*,
Ere this, my pow'r had reap'd what she denies.
But there's a cause, which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. O frown not thus! sure pity ne'er deserv'd
A parent's frown! then look more kindly on me.
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty!
Unhappy queen!

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While poor *Zaphira* mourns!—

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Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph,
That echoes through *Algiers*! which now shall pierce
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Tell me, *Irene*: on thy duty, tell me:
As thou dost wish, I wou'd not cast thee off,
With an incens'd father's curses on thee,
Now tell me why, at this detested name,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee.

For he is gone! and dreads thy hate no more!
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past,
Since the *Moors* seiz'd, and sold me at *Oran*,
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime!

Barb. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this?

Irene. Why shou'd I tell, what horrors
Did then beset my soul?—Oft' have I told thee,
How 'midst the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
Bright as the morning star!

Barb. And was it *Selim*?
Did he redeem thee?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom: and o'erbade
Av'rice and appetite. At his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of *Barbarossa*;
And thrice turn'd pale. Yet, with recovery mild,
Go to *Algiers*, he cry'd; protect my mother,
And be to her, what *Selim* is to Thee.—
Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Barb. Amazement chills me!
Was this thy unknown friend, conceal'd from me?
False, faithless child!

Irene. Alas, my father!
He never was thy foe.

Barb. What!—plead for *Selim*?
Away. He merited the death he found.
Oh coward! traitress to thy father's glory!
Thou shou'dst have liv'd a slave,—been sold to shame,
Been banish'd to the depth of howling desarts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honour, by a deed so vile:—
Hence, from my sight.—Hence, thou unthankful child!
Beware thee! Shun the queen: nor taint her ear

With

BARBAROSSA.

11

With *Selim's* fate. Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or by our prophet, she shall dread my pow'r.

[*Exit. Barbarossa*]

Irene. Unhappy queen!

To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd!
O cruel father! hapless child! whom pity
Compels to call him cruel!—Gen'rous *Selim*!
Poor injur'd queen! who but intreats to die
In her dear father's tents! thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head? Yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support; and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Cou'd I but save *Zaphira*,
Let the storm beat. I'll weep and pray, till she
And heav'n forget, my father e'er was cruel.



ACT II.

Zaphira and female Slaves discover'd.

ZAPHIRA.

WHEN shall I be at peace!—O, righteous heav'n,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain wou'd
rise

To confidence in thee!—But woes on woes
O'erwhelm me! first my husband! now, my son!
Both dead! both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
Of *Barbarossa*! sweet content, farewell!
Farewel, sweet hope! grief is my portion here!
O dire ambition! what infernal pow'r
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
Murder and lust! to waste domestic peace,
And ev'ry heart-felt joy!

Enter Othman.

O faithful *Othman*!
Our fears were true! my *Selim* is no more!

Othman.

Othm. Has then the fatal story reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, heav'n with thunder!
Nor let *Zaphira* doubt thy providence.

Othm. 'Twas what we fear'd. Accuse not heav'n's
high will,

Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes! O, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heav'n.—My honor'd queen,
The king—

Zaph. Whom stil'st thou king?

Othm. 'Tis *Barbarossa*.

He means to see thee—

Zaph. Curses blast the tyrant!
Does he assume the name of king?

Othm. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood
Of innocence! by treach'r'y and murder!
May heav'n incens'd pour down its vengeance on him;
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror;
Till phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth! my faithful *Othman*,
My sole surviving prop! can'st thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
This hated palace! with undaunted step
I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear *Mutija*!—can no means be found,
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me?

Othm. That hope is vain! the tyrant knows thy hate.
Hence, day and night, his watchful guards surround
thee,

Impenetrable as walls of adamant.

Curb then thy mighty griefs: justice and truth
He mocks as shadows: rouse not then, his anger:

Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence,
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Wou'd rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. Cruel task!
For royalty to bow,—an injur'd queen

To kneel for liberty ! and, oh ! to whom !
 Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son !
 O perish first, *Zaphira* ! yes, I'll die !
 For what is life to me ! my dear, dear lord !
 My hapless child ! yes, I will follow you.

Othm. Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Zaph. I will not, *Othman*.

Or if I do, with bitter Imprecation,
 More keen than poison shot from serpents tongues,
 I'll pour my curses on him !

Othm. Will *Zaphira*

Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
 When she should wake revenge ?

Zaph. Revenge ?—O tell me—

Tell me but how ! what can a helpless woman !

Othm. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy
 father :

Pour thy complaints before him : let thy wrongs
 Kindle his indignation, to pursue
 This vile usurper, till unceasing war
 Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah !—say'st thou, *Othman* ?

[*Rising*]

Thy words have shot like lightning through my frame ;
 And all my soul's on fire !—Thou faithful friend !
 Yes ; with more gentle speech I'll sooth his pride ;
 Regain my freedom ; seek my father's tents ;
 There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
 Shall wake the vallies into honest vengeance :
 The sudden storm shall pour on *Barbarossa* ;
 And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
 In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Othm. There spoke the queen. But as thou lov'st
 thy freedom,

Touch not on *Selim*'s fate. Thy soul will kindle,
 And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zaph. My murder'd son ! yes, to revenge thy death,
 I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Othm. Peace, peace ! the tyrant comes : now, injur'd
 queen,

Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
 And check each rising passion !

[*Exit Othman.*

Enter

Enter Barbarossa.

Barb. Hail, sov'reign fair! thrice honor'd queen! in
whom

Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror, whose deciding voice
Can speak the fate of kingdoms, at thy feet
Lies conquer'd by thy pow'r!

Zaph. O *Barbarossa*!

No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! with my departed lord
My love lies bury'd! I should meet thy flame
With fullen tears, and cold indifference.

Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love, with love sincere;
For I have none to give!

Barb. Love ne'er shou'd die:

'Tis the soul's cordial: 'tis the fount of life;
Therefore shou'd spring eternal in the breast.
One object lost, another shou'd succeed.
And all our life be love.

Zaph. Urge me no more:—Thou might'st with equal
hope

Woo the cold marble weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes! but if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:
Give me safe convoy to my native vales
Of dear *Mutija*, where my father reigns.

Barb. O blind to proffer'd blifs! what, fondly quit
This lofty palace, and the envy'd pomp
Of empire, for an *Arab*'s wand'ring tent!
Where the mock Chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, as thirst or famine sways;
Obscurely vain; and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings!—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call: the winged bark
For thee shall traverse seas; and ev'ry clime
Be tributary to *Zaphira*'s charms.
To thee, exalted fair, submissive realms
Shall bow the neck; and swarthy kings and queens,

From

From the far-distant *Niger* and the *Nile*,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot-wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain.
But, ah! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendor, when by wasting woes, the mind
Lies desolate within!—Such, such, is mine!
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to ev'ry joy
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents!

Barb. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling, at thy feet!—

Barb. Thou thankless fair!

Thus to repay the labours of my love!
Had I not seiz'd the throne when *Selim* dy'd,
Ere this, thy foes had laid *Algiers* in ruin:
I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.

Zaph. Peace dost thou call it! what can worse be
fear'd

From the war's rage, than violence and blood?
Have not unceasing horrors mark'd thy reign?
Thro' sev'n long years, thy slaught'ring sword hath
reek'd

With guiltless blood.

Barb. With guiltless blood?—Take heed—

ouse not my slumb'ring rage: nor vindicate
Thy country's guilt and treason.

Zaph. Where violence reigns, there innocence is
guilt,

and virtue, treason.—Know, *Zaphira* scorns
thy menace.—Yes,—thy slaught'ring sword hath reek'd
With guiltless blood. Thro' thee, exile and death
ave thin'd *Algiers*. Is this thy boasted peace?

might the tyger boast the peace he brings
when he o'erleaps by stealth, and wastes the fold.

Barb. Ungrateful queen! I'll give thee proof of love,
yond thy sex's pride! but make thee mine,
ill descend the throne, and call thy son
om banishment to empire,

Zaph.

Zaph. Oh, my heart!
 Can I bear this!—
 Inhuman tyrant! curses on thy head!
 May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
 And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
 Despair as deep as mine!

Barb. What means *Zaphira*?
 What means this burst of grief?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer!
 Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience
 Wou'd flash conviction on thee, and each look,
 Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent-horrors,
 To turn thee into stone!—Relentless man!
 Who did the bloody deed? oh, tremble guilt,
 Where'er thou art!—Look on me!—Tell me, tyrant,
 Who slew my blameless son?

Barb. What envious tongue,
 My foe, hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
 This is the rumour of some co'z'ning slave,
 Who thwarts my peace. Believe it not, *Zaphira*.
 Thy *Selim* lives: nay more, he soon shall reign,
 If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never! oh, never—sooner wou'd I roam
 An unknown exile thro' the torrid climes
 Of *Afric*, sooner dwell with wolves and tygers,
 Than mount with thee my murder'd *Selim's* throne!

Barb. Rash queen, forbear! think on thy captive
 state:

Remember, that within these palace-walls,
 I am omnipotent: that every knee
 Bends at my dread approach: that shame and honour
 Reward and punishment, await my nod,
 The vassals of my pleasure.—Yield thee then:
 Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
 And dread my pow'r incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear
 With that foul menace?—Tyrant! dread'st thou not
 Th' all seeing eye of heav'n, its lifted thunder,
 And all the red'ning vengeance which it stores
 For crimes like thine?—Yet know, thy threats are vain
 Tho' robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear support;

No tyrant's threat can awe the free-born soul,
That greatly dares to die. [Exit Zaphira.

Barb. Where should she learn the tale of *Selim's*
death?

Cou'd *Othman* dare to tell it? if he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death!—Curse on her steadiness!
She lords it o'er my heart. There is a charm
Of majesty in virtue, that disarms
Reluctant pow'r, and bends the struggling will
From her most firm resolve.

Enter Aladin.

Oh, *Aladin*!

Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.
This stubborn woman——

Alad. What, unconquer'd still?

Barb. The news of *Selim's* fate hath reach'd her ear.
Whence could this come?

Alad. I can resolve thy doubt.

A female slave, attendant on *Zaphira*,
Overheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.

Barb. Perdition seize her!

No threat can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul: nay, she defies my pow'r:
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inhrin'd some hero's spirit.

Alad. Let her rage foam.

Bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Barb. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick
relief!—

Alad. The gallant youth is come, who slew her son.

Barb. Who? *Omar*!

Alad. No: unhappy *Omar* fell

Selim's hand. But *Achmet*, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Aveng'd his death by *Selim's*.

Barb.

Barb. Gallant Youth!
Bears he the signet?

Alad. Aye.

Barb. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, *Aladin*,
[*Exit Aladin.*]

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter Achmet and Aladin.

Achm. Hail mighty *Barbarossa*! as the pledge

[*Kneels.*]

Of *Selim's* death, behold thy ring restor'd:
That pledge will speak the rest.

Barb. Rise, valiant youth!

But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth whom *Omar* (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt?

Ach. I am.

Barb. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found you
That insolent!

Ach. We found him at *Oran*,
Plotting deep mischiefs to thy throne and people.

Barb. Well ye repaid the traitor.—

Ach. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave *Omar* aim'd the poignard,
Which *Selim* shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasten'd on.
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend:
My thirsty dagger, with repeated blow,
Search'd ev'ry artery: they fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity;
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Barb. Well hast thou sped.
Thy dagger did its office, faithful *Achmet*;
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate!—Go, seek the queen.
For know the rumour of her *Selim's* death
Hath reach'd her ear: hence dark suspicions rise,

Squintin

quinting at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
 Her son expire; that with his dying breath,
 He did conjure her to receive my vows,
 And give her country peace.—That, sure will lull
 Suspicion. *Aladin*, that sure will win her.
Alad. 'Tis wisely thought.—It must.

Enter Othman.

Barb. Most welcome, *Othman*.
 Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
 The state good service. Let some high reward
 Wait him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
 Conduct him to the queen; for he hath tidings
 Worthy her ear, from her departed son;
 Such as may win her love.—Come, *Aladin*:
 The banquet waits our presence: festal joy
 Waits in the mantling goblet; and the night,
 Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
 Equals departed day. [*Exit Barb. and Alad.*]

Achm. What anxious thought
 Dwells in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
 Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
 That riots thro' the palace?

Othm. Dar'st thou tell me,
 On what dark errand thou art here?

Achm. I dare.
 Hast thou not seen the savage lines of blood
 Reform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
 remorseless fury?—I am *Selim's* murd'rer.

Othm. His murd'rer!

Achm. Start not from me.
 My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood.
 Why this amazement?

Othm. Amazement?—No—'Tis well:—'tis as it
 should be.—

Was indeed a foe to *Barbarossa*.

Achm. And therefore to *Algiers*:—Was it not so?—
 Why dost thou pause? what passion shakes thy frame?

Othm.

Othm. Fate, do thy worst!—I can no more dis-
semble!—

Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood!—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his pow'r; that tir'd with life
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Achm. What, didst thou love this *Selim*?

Othm. All men lov'd him.

He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name! remorseless tyrant!

Ach. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov-
him,

I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant *Barbarossa*:

Selim is yet alive.

Othm. Alive!

Ach. Nay more—

Selim is in *Algiers*.

Othm. Impossible!

Ach. Why, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hithe-
straight.

Othm. Not for an empire!

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tyger's den.

Ach. Nay, but I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eye:
Not ev'n thyself could know him.

Othm. Yes, sure: too sure, to hazard such an awf-
trial!

Ach. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.

Othm. No time can blot
The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! Nay, more, he wears
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which rushing on his mother, *Selim* slew.

Ach. A scar!

Othm. Ay, on his forehead.

Ach. What, like this?

[*Lifting his turban.*

Othm. Whom do I see!—am I awake!—my prince!

[*Kneels.*

honor'd, honor'd king!

Selim. Rise, faithful *Othman*.

us let me thank thy truth!

[*Embraces him.*

Othm. Oh, happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?

and why that ardent gaze? Thou canst not doubt me?

Othm. Ah, no! I see thy fire in ev'ry line.—

How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave back at death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore

the tyrant's signet:—Take this ring, he cry'd,

the sole return my dying hand can make thee

its accurs'd attempt: This pledge restor'd,

shall prove thee slain: safe may'st thou see *Algiers*,

known to all.—This said, th' assassin dy'd.

Othm. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?

Selim. Disguis'd as *Selim's* murderer I come:

an accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd,

shall lend credence to my words.

Othm. Yet e'er thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here.

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither;

that babbling rumour, like a lying dream,

should make belief more easy. Tell me, *Othman*,—

yet I tremble to approach the theme,—

how fares my mother? does she still sustain

her native greatness?

Othm. Still: in vain the tyrant

tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats

of death or violation.

Selim. May kind heav'n

strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!

When shall I see her, *Othman*?

Othm. Yet, my prince,

stand close for thy presence.

Selim.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue : 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear.

Othm. Yet think—should *Barbarossa*——

Selim. Dread him not——

Thou know'st, by his command, I see *Zaphira*.
And wrapt in this disguise, I walk secure,
As if from heav'n some guardian pow'r attending,
Threw ten-fold night around me.

Othm. Still my heart

Forebodes some dire event !—O quit these walls !

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Othm. What means my prince ?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's suff'rings, and a people's groan.

Othm. Alas, my prince ! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes.

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, *Othman*—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.

[*Shows a dagger*]

Othm. Heav'n shield thy precious life—Let caution
rule

Thy headlong zeal !

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair :
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From *Sadi* and *Almanzor*.

Othm. Say—what hope ?

My soul is all attention.—

Selim. Mark me, then.

A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace ; while the glutted troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit ; the confed'rate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, meantime, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard *Zaphira* from the tyrant's rage,
Amid' the deathful uproar.

Othm. Heav'n protect thee—

'Tis dreadful—what's the hour!

Selim. I left our friends

In secret council. Ere the dead of night

Brave *Sadi* will report their last resolves.—

Now lead me to the queen.—

Othm. Brave prince, beware!

Her joy's or fear's excess, wou'd sure betray thee.

Thou shalt not see her, 'till the tyrant perish!

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge me.

Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview,

We ever shall obtain?

Othm. Then, on thy life,

Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the name

Of *Selim's* friend; sent to confirm her virtue,

and warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so: I yield me to thy will.

Othm. Thou greatly daring youth! may angels watch,

and guard thy upright purpose! That *Algiers*

May reap the blessings of thy virtuous reign,

and all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Selim. Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which
revenge

Mounts with redoubled fire!—Yes, here, ev'n here—

beneath this very roof, my honor'd father

shed round his blessings, 'till accursed treach'ry

stole on his peaceful hour! O, blessed shade!

yet thou hov'rest o'er thy once lov'd clime,

now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!

Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,

thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd

by peril, pain, or death! that undismay'd,

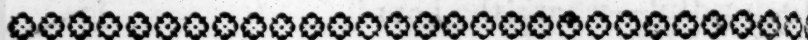
may pursue the just intent; and dare

bravely to revenge, or bravely die.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T



A C T III.

Enter IRENE.

CAN air-drawn visions mock the waking eye,
 Sure 'twas his image!—Yet, his presence here—
 After full rumour had confirm'd him dead!—
 Beneath this hostile roof to court destruction!
 It staggers all belief! silent he shot
 Athwart my view, amid' the glimmering lamps,
 With swift and ghost-like step, that seem'd to shun
 All human converse. This way, sure he mov'd.
 But oh, how chang'd! he wears no gentle smiles,
 But terror in his frown. He comes.—'Tis he:—
 For *Othman* points him hither, and departs.
 Disguis'd, he seeks the queen: secure, perhaps,
 And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
 O generous *Selim*! can I see thee thus;
 And not forewarn such virtue of its fate!
 Forbid it gratitude!

Enter Selim.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs!
 Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
 Down, down fond heart!

Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Selim. Oh, ruin! [Sbunning h

Irene. Blest, is *Irene*! Blest if *Selim* lives!

Selim. Am I betray'd!

Irene. Betray'd! to whom? To her
 Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee

Selim. It was my hope,
 That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth,
 And thrown the mask of manhood o'er my visage.—
 Am I then known?

Irene. To none, but love and me.—
 To me, who late beheld thee at *Oran*;
 Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,

And flew to save the guardian of my honor.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! thou heav'n of
sweetness!

How cou'd I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth!—It must not be!—

This is my destin'd goal!—The mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell! where bitter tears,
And sighs, and lamentations, choak the voice,
And quench the flame of love!

Irene. Yet, virtuous prince,
Tho' love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear then her voice, which warns thee from these walls.
Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen,
Her *Selim* lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps!

Selim. Too generous maid! oh, heav'n! that *Barba-*
rossa

Shou'd be *Irene's* father.

Irene. Injur'd prince!
Lose not a thought on me! I know thy wrongs,
And merit not thy love. No, learn to hate me.
Or if *Irene* e'er can hope such kindness,
First pity, then forget me!

Selim. When I do,
May heav'n pour down its righteous vengeance on me!

Irene. Hence! haste thee, hence!

Selim. Wou'd it were possible!

Irene. What can prevent it?

Selim. Justice! fate, and justice!
A murder'd father's wrongs!

Irene. Ah, prince, take heed!
I have a father too!

Selim. What did I say?—my father?—not my fa-
ther—

Can I depart till I have seen *Zaphira*?—

Irene. Justice, said'st thou?
That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder!
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror! thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise, thy looks, and fierce demeanor,

B

Yes,

Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost!
Think, *Selim*, what *Irene* must endure,
Shou'd she be guilty of a father's blood!

Selim. A father's blood!

Irene. Too sure. In vain thou hid'st
Thy dire intent! Forbid it, heav'n, *Irene*
Shou'd see destruction hov'ring o'er her father,
And not prevent the blow!

Selim. Is this thy love,
Thy gratitude to him who sav'd thy honour?

Irene. 'Tis gratitude to him who gave me life:
He who preserv'd me claims the second place.

Selim. Is he not a tyrant, murderer?

Irene. O spare my shame! I am his daughter still!

Selim. Woud'st thou become the partner of his crimes?

Irene. Forbid it heaven!—Yet I must save a father!

Selim. Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut thine
eye

With *Selim*'s blood——

Irene. Was e'er distress like mine!

O *Selim* can I see my father perish!—

Wou'd I had ne'er been born!

Selim. Thou virtuous maid!

My heart bleeds for thee!

Irene. Quit, O quit these walls!

Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes! Thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction! Generous prince!
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart!

Selim. May not I see *Zaphira*, ere I go?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear?

Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these
walls,

As soon as morning shines:—else, tho' despair
Drive me to madness;—yet—to save a father!—
O *Selim*! spare my tongue the horrid sentence!—
Fly! ere destruction seize thee!

[Exit *Irene*.]

Selim. Death and ruin!

Must I then fly?—what!—Coward-like betray

[Weeps.]

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My father, mother, friends?—Vain terrors, hence!
 Danger looks big, to fear's deluded eye.
 But courage, on the heights and steep of fate,
 Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
 Of peril: and while sick'ning caution shrinks,
 Or self-betray'd, falls headlong down the steep;
 Calm resolution, unappal'd, can walk
 The giddy brink, secure.—Now to the queen——
 How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown!
 How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
 Which pants at her approach!—Who waits Zaphira?—

Enter a female Slave.

Slave. Whence this intrusion, stranger? at an hour
 Destin'd to rest?

Selim. I come, to seek the queen,
 On matter of such import, as may claim
 Her speedy audience.

Slave. Thy request is vain.
 Ev'n now the queen hath heard the mournful tale
 Of her son's death, and drown'd in grief she lies.
 Thou canst not see her.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
 On message from her dear, departed son;
 And bring his last request.

Slave. I'll haste to tell her.
 With all a mother's tend'rest love she'll fly,
 To meet that name. [Exit Slave.]

Selim. O ill-dissembling heart!—My ev'ry limb
 Trembles with grateful terror!—Wou'd to heav'n,
 Had not come! some look, or starting tear,
 Will sure betray me.—Honest guile assist
 My fault'ring tongue!

Enter Zaphira.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?—
 O, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
 To seek the weeping mansions of distress!

Didst thou behold in death my hapless son ?
 Didst thou receive my *Selim's* parting breath ?
 Did he remember me ?

Selim. Most honor'd queen !

Thy son,—Forgive these gushing tears, which flow
 To see distress like thine !

Zaph. I thank thy pity !

'Tis generous thus to feel for others woe.—
 What of my son ? Say, didst thou see him die ?

Selim. By *Barbarossa's* dread command I come,
 To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld
 Thy son expire.

Zaph. Oh heav'n !—my dearest child !

Selim. That ev'n in death, the pious youth remem-
 ber'd

His royal mother's woes.

Zaph. Where, where was I ?

Relentless fate !—that I shou'd be deny'd
 The mournful privilege, to see him die !
 To clasp him in the agony of death,
 And catch his parting soul ! O tell me all,
 All that he said and look'd : deep in my heart
 That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
 Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son ?

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he said,
 Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
 Have stream'd too long : then bid her weep no more :
 Bid her forget the husband and the son,
 In *Barbarossa's* arms !

Zaph. O, false as hell !

Thou art some creeping slave to *Barbarossa*,
 Sent to surprize my unsuspecting heart !
 False slave, begone !—My son betray me thus !—
 Cou'd he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
 My griefs for him shou'd end in great disdain !—
 But he was brave ; and scorn'd a thought so vile !
 Wretched *Zaphira* ! how art thou become
 The sport of slaves !—O griefs incurable !

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen ! T

woes

May yet have end.

Za

Zaph. Why weep'st thou crocodile?
Thy treach'rous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. Who art thou then!

Selim. Oh, my full heart!—I am—thy friend, and
Selim's.

I come not to insult but heal thy woes.—
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. O gracious heav'n!
Do I not dream? say, stranger,—didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my *Selim* lives?—What do I ask?
Fond, fond, and fruitless hope!—What mortal pow'r
Can e'er re-animate his mangled corpse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead!

Selim. O pow'ful nature, thou wilt sure betray me!
[*Afide.*

Thy *Selim* lives: for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at *Oran*.

Zaph. Is not then, my *Selim* dead?

Selim. He is not.

Zaph. Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my son expire?
Didst not ev'n now relate his dying words?

Selim. It was an honest falsehood, meant to prove
Zaphira's unstain'd virtue.

Zaph. Why—but *Othman*—

Othman affirm'd that my poor son was dead:
And I have heard, the murderer is come,
In triumph o'er his dear and innocent blood.

Selim. I am that murderer.—Beneath this guise
I spread th' abortive tale of *Selim's* death,
And haply won the tyrant's confidence.
Hence gain'd access: and from thy *Selim* tell thee,
Selim yet lives; and honours all thy virtues.

Zaph. O generous youth, who art thou?—From
what clime

Comes such exalted virtue, as dares give
A pause to griefs like mine!—As dares approach,

And prop the ruin tott'ring on its base,
Which selfish caution shuns!—Oh, say,—who art
thou?

Selim. A friendless youth, self-banish'd with thy
son;

Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days:
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.

Zaph. O tell me truly then—mock not my woes,
But tell me truly,—does my *Selim* live?

Selim. He does, by heav'n!

Zaph. And does he still remember
His father's wrongs, and mine!

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs, and thine: That he but waits
'Till awful justice may unsheath her sword,
And lust and murder tremble at her frown!
That till th' arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge!

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!
I feel my heart revive! Here, peace once more
Begins to dawn.

Selim. Much honor'd queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet,—not yet;—indulge a mother's
love!

In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my *Selim* stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
Croud on my mind. Wishes, and pray'rs and tears,
Are all I have to give. O bear him these!

Selim. Take comfort then; for know thy son,
o'erjoy'd

To rescue thee, wou'd bleed at ev'ry vein'—
Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest!
Bid her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just: That oft' some guardian pow'r
Attends unseen, to save the innocent!
But if high heav'n decrees our fall,—O bid her

Firmly

Firmly to wait the stroke ; prepar'd alike
To live or die ! and then he wept, as I do.

Zaph. O righteous heav'n ! thou hast at length o'er-
pay'd

My bitt'rest pangs ; if my dear *Selim* lives,
And lives for me !—hear my departing pray'r ! [*Kneels.*
O spare my son !—Protect his tender years !
Be thou his guide through dangers and distress !
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne !—when I am gone,
Bless thou his peaceful reign ! oh, early bless him
With the sweet pledges of connubial love ;
That he may win his virtue's just reward,
And taste the raptures which a parent's heart
Reaps from a child like him ! Not for myself,—
But my dear son,—accept my parting tears !

[*Exit Zaphira.*

Selim. Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief ! Flow tears !
And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow !
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes ; have found her noble :
And to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,
O'erpay's all pain and peril !—Pow'rful virtue !
How infinite thy joys, when ev'n thy griefs
Are pleasing !—Thou, superior to the frowns
Of fate, can'st pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
And brighten woe to rapture !

Enter Othman and Sadi.

Honor'd friends !
How goes the night ?

Sadi. 'Tis well nigh midnight.

Othm. What—in tears, my prince ?

Selim. But tears of joy : For I have seen *Zaphira*,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast :
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends :
They have but harmoniz'd my soul ; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril, or death.—What tidings from the city ?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confed'rate friends
Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meet-
ing:

And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes!
Now let the rising whirlwind shake *Algiers*,
And justice guide the storm! scarce two hours hence—

Sadi. Scarce more than one.

Selim. But as ye love my life,
Let your zeal hasten on the great event:
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here;
And half suspects the cause.

Othm. Too daring prince,
Retire with us! her fears will sure betray thee!

Selim. What? leave my helpless mother, here, a
prey

To cruelty and lust?—I'll perish first:
This very night the tyrant threatens violence:
I'll watch his steps: I'll haunt him thro' the palace:
And, shou'd he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt!

Sadi. Intrepid prince!
Worthy of empire!—Yet accept my life,
My worthless life: do thou retire with *Othman*;
I will protect *Zaphira*.

Selim. Think'it thou, *Sadi*,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man!
Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more.
Here shall my station be: And if I fall,
O friends, let me have vengeance!—Tell me now,
Where is the tyrant?

Othm. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'Tis good.—Now tell me, how our pow'rs are
destin'd!

Sadi.

Sadi. Near ev'ry port, a secret band is posted :
By these the watchful centinels must perish :
The rest is easy : for the glutted troops
Lie drown'd in sleep ; the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. *Othman* and I
Will lead our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die) and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble *Barbarossa* !

Selim. Oh, how the near approach of this great
hour
Fires all my soul ! But, valiant friends, I charge you,
Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge ;
My poignard claims his blood.

Othm. Forgive me, prince !
Forgive my doubts !—Think—shou'd the fair *Irene*——

Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I wou'd not spare the
tyrant,

Tho' the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet !
Nay, shou'd he fall by any hand but mine ;
By heav'n, I'd think my honor'd father's blood
Scarce half reveng'd ! my love indeed is strong !
But love shall yield to justice !

Sadi. Gallant prince !
Bravely resolv'd !

Selim. But is the city quiet ?

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty
streets,

Nor voice, nor sound. As if th' inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rowls, had inly felt
And shun'd th' impending uproar.

Othm. There is a solemn horror in the night too,
That pleases me: A general pause thro' nature :
The winds are hush'd——

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce cou'd lash the shore :
Nor star peeps thro' the firmament of heav'n——

Selim, And lo——where eastward, o'er the full
wave,

The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood : Her beam, well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness——

[*Bell tolls.*

Hark !—what meant

That tolling bell ?

Othm. It rings the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal——

Come, *Othman*, we are call'd : the passing minutes
Chide our delay : brave *Othman*, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but crown'd
with glory,

We soon shall meet again. But oh, remember
Amid' tumult's rage, remember mercy !

Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood !

Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,

Not to destroy, but save ! nor let blind zeal,

Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge

On age or innocence ! or bid us stab,

Where the most pitying angel in the skies

That now looks on us from his blest abode,

Would wish that we shou'd spare.

Othm. So may we prosper,

As mercy shall direct us !

Selim. Farewel, friends !

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewel !

[*Exit Othman and Sadi.*

Selim. Now sleep and silence

Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel

Now takes his lonely stand ; and idly dreams,

Of that to-morrow, which shall never come !

In this dread interval, O busy thought,

From outward things descend into thyself !

Search deep my heart ! bring with thee awful con-
science,

And firm resolve ! that in th' approaching hour

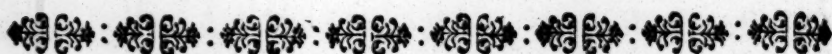
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd,

Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare

To strike where she forbids!—Why bear I then
 This dark, insidious dagger?—'Tis the badge
 Of vile assassins; of the coward hand
 That dares not meet its foe!—Detested thought!
 Yet,—as foul lust and murder, tho' on thrones
 Triumphant, still retain their hell-born quality;
 So justice, groaning beneath countless wrongs,
 Quits not her spotless and celestial nature;
 But in th' unhallow'd murderer's disguise,
 Can sanctify this steel!
 Then be it so:—Witness, ye pow'rs of heav'n,
 That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
 I wrap myself in night!—To you I stand
 Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh, cou'd I arm
 My hand with war! Then like to you, array'd
 In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
 Shou'd blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
 That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives:
 Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
 And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
 In one prodigious ruin!



A C T



ACT IV.

Enter IRENE and ALADIN.

IRENE.

BUT didst thou tell him, *Aladin*, my fears
Brook no delay?

Alad. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not!

Oh, what a dreadful dream!—'Twas surely more
Than troubled fancy: never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms!—Still he lingers!
Return, return: and tell him that his daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threatening ruin!

Alad. Behold, he comes.

[*Exit Aladin.*

Enter Barbarossa.

Barb. Thou bane of all my joys!
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth!
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear!

Barb. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy
brain?

Irene. Oh guard thee from the terrors of this night.
For terror lurks unseen.

Barb. What terror? speak!

Wou'dst thou unman me into female weakness?—
Say, what thou dread'st, and why? I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check with stern rebuke
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,

Retir'd

Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—Methought I saw
Young *Selim* rising from the silent tomb:
Mangled and bloody was his coarse: his hair
Clotted with gore; his glaring eyes on fire!
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air.
When lo,—at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance!
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast!

Barb. Wou'dst thou appal me by a brain-sick vision?
Get thee to rest.—Sleep but as sound till morn.
As *Selim* in his grave shall sleep for ever,
And then no haggard dreams shall ride thy fancy!

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father!

Barb. To thy couch!

Provoke me not.—

Irene. What shall I say, to move him!
Merciful heav'n, instruct me what to do!

Enter Aladin.

Barb. What mean thy looks?—why dost thou gaze
so wildly?

Alad. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave *Abdalla*,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
Which runs throughout the city, that young *Selim*
Is yet alive—

Barb. May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood!—"Tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further?

Alad. More he said not:
Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.

Irene. O gracious father!—

Barb. The rumour lies.—And, yet, your coward
fears

Infect

Infect me!—What!—shall I be terrify'd
By midnight visions?—Can the troubled brain
Of sleep out-stretch the reason's waking eye?
I'll not believe it.

Alad. But this gath'ring rumour—
Think but on that, my lord!

Barb. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it!—Yet, I'll do
What caution dictates. Hark thee, *Aladin*—
Slave, hear my will.—See that the watch be doubled—
Seek out this stranger *Achmet*; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

Irene. O my father!
I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards—
See not this *Achmet*!

Barb. Not see him?—Death and torment!—
Think'st thou, I fear a single arm that's mortal?
Not see him?—Forthwith bring the slave before me.—
If he prove false,—if hated *Selim* live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him—

Irene. Mercy! mercy!

Barb. Mercy,—To whom?

Irene. To me:—and to thyself:
To him—to all—Thou think'st I rave; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd,
When heaven inspires his tongue!

Barb. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with
dreams

More wild than thine!—Get thee to rest; e'er yet
Thy folly wake my rage.—Call *Achmet* hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees!—O see him
not.

Selim is dead:—indeed the rumour lies!—
There is no danger near:—Or, if there be,
Achmet is innocent!

Barb. Off, frantic wretch!
This idiot-dream hath turn'd her brain to madness!
Hence—to thy chamber, till returning reason
Hath calm'd this tempest.—On thy duty hence!

Irene

Answer

Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution!—Cruel fate!
What have I done!—Heav'n shield my dearest father!
Heav'n shield the innocent!—Undone *Irene*!
Whate'er th' event, thy doom is misery. [*Exit Irene.*]

Barb. Her words are wrapt in darkness.—*Aladin*,
Forthwith send *Achmet* hither.—Mark him well.—
His countenance and gesture.—Then with speed,
Double the centinels. [*Exit Aladin.*]

Infernal guilt!
How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul! more wretched far than they,
Made wretched by my crimes!—Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible!
Ere they had struck their colours thro' my soul,
As black as night or hell!—'Tis now too late!
Hence then, ye vain Repinings!—Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! O banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear!
Be this my glory,—to be great in evil!
To combat my own heart, and, scorning conscience,
Rise to exalted crimes!

Enter Selim.

Come hither, slave:—

Hear me, and tremble:—Art thou what thou seem'st?

Selim. Ha!—

Barb. Do'st thou pause?—By hell, the slave's con-
founded!

Selim. That *Barbarossa* shou'd suspect my truth!

Barb. Take heed! for by the hov'ring pow'rs of ven-
geance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd! thou com'st beneath the guise
Of *Selim's* murderer.—Now tell me:—Is not

That *Selim* yet alive?

Selim. *Selim* alive!

Barb. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me!

Answer me quick, or die!

[*Draws his dagger.*
Selim.]

Selim. Yes, freely strike.—

Already hast thou giv'n the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion!
Oh, cou'd my dagger find a tongue, to tell
How deep it drank his blood!—But since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal, — Behold my breast — strike
here—

For bold is innocence.

Barb. I scorn the task.

[*Puts up his dagger.*]

Time shall decide thy doom.—Guards, mark me well.
See that ye watch the motions of this slave:
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou know'st
That *Selim* lives, or seest his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Barb. Bear him hence.—

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.—
I will have deeper inquisition made:
Haply some witness may confront the slave,
And drag to light his falsehood.

[*Exeunt Selim and guards.*]

[*Exit a Slave.*]

Call *Zaphira*.

If *Selim* lives—then what is *Barbarossa*?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage-rites declare *Zaphira* mine.—
Fool that I am! to wait the weak effects
Of slow persuasion: when unbounded pow'r
Can give me all I wish!—Slave, hear my will,—
Fly,—bid the priest prepare the marriage-rites.
Let incense rise to heav'n; and choral songs
Attend *Zaphira* to the nuptial bed.
I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate!

[*Exit Slave*]

Enter Zaphira.

Well, haughty fair,—
Hath reason yet subdu'd thee? Wilt thou hear
The voice of love?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me?

Th

Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Barb. Can aught but Phrenzy
Rush on perdition?

Zaph. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine.

Barb. Nay, sport not with my rage:
Tho' yon suspected slave affirms him dead;
Yet rumour whispers, that young *Selim* lives.

Zaph. Could I but think him so! my earnest pray'r
Should rise to heav'n, to keep him far from thee!

Barb. Therefore, lest treach'ry undermine my
pow'r,

Know, that thy final hour of choice is come!

Zaph. I have no choice.—Think'st thou I e'er will
wed

The murderer of my lord?

Barb. Take heed, rash queen!

Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me heav'n!

Hear all ye pow'rs that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! and thou, dear honor'd shade

Of my departed lord, attend! while here

I ratify with vows my last resolve!

E'er I wed this tyrant murderer,

I pollute me with this horrid union,

Black as adultery or damned incest,

May ye, ye ministers of heav'n, depart,

Or shed your influence on the guilty scene!—

May horror blacken all our days and nights!

May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising

From hell, may swarming fiends in triumph howl

Around th' accursed bed!

Barb. Begone, remorse!—

Guards do your office: drag her to the altar!

Need not her tears, or cries,—What? dare ye doubt?

Instant obey my bidding;—or, by hell!

Torment and death shall overtake you all!

[*Guards go to seize Zaphira.*]

Zaph. O spare me!—heav'n protect me!—O my
son,

Wert

Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!—
What shall I do!—Undone, undone *Zaphira*!

Enter Selim.

Selim. Who call'd on *Achmet*!—Did not *Barbarossa* require me here?

Barb. Officious slave, retire!
I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heav'n will reward thy pity!

Barb. Drag her hence!

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty *Barbarossa*!

Barb. Rouze not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. Oh, hear me, hear me!

[*Kneels*]

Barb. Curse on thy forward zeal!—

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

[*Lays hold of Barbarossa's garment*]

Barb. Presuming slave, begone!

[*Strikes Selim*]

Selim. Nay then,—die tyrant.

[*Rises, and aims to stab Barbarossa.*]

Barbarossa wrests his dagger from him

Barb. Ah, traitor, have I caught thee.—Hold—
forbear—

[*To guards who offer to kill Selim*]

Kill him not yet,—I will have greater vengeance.—
Perfidious wretch, who art thou?—Bring the rack:
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know thy
death

And torments are my doom.—Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror.—Off, vile habit!—
Let me emerge from this dark cloud that hides me,
And make my setting glorious!—If thou dar'st,
Now view me!—Hear me, tyrant!—while with voice
More dreadful than of thunder, I proclaim,
That he who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,
Is *Selim*!

Zaph. O heav'n! my son! my son!

[*She faints*]

B A R B A R O S S A. 43

Selim. Unhappy mother! [Runs to embrace her.]

Barb. Tear them asunder. [Guards separate them.]

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians!

Barb. Slaves, seize the traitor.

[They offer to seize him.]

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king!—retire,
And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor;
That is the murd'rer, tyrant, ravisher: seize him,
And do your country right!

Barb. Ah, coward dogs!

Start ye at words!—or seize him, or by hell,

This dagger ends you all.

[They seize him.]

Selim. 'Tis done—Dost thou revive, unhappy queen!
Now arm thy soul with patience!

Zaph. My dear son!—

Do I then live, once more to see my *Selim*!—

But oh—to see thee thus!—

[Weeping.]

Selim. Canst thou behold

Her speechless agonies, and not relent!

Barb. At length revenge is mine!—Slaves, force her
hence!

This hour shall crown my love.

Zaph. O mercy, mercy!

Selim. Lo! *Barbarossa*! thou at length hast con-
quer'd!

Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,

[Kneels.]

Prostrate before thy feet!—Not for myself

plead!—Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!

Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, O spare *Zaphira*!—

Yet, yet relent! force not her matron honour!

Approach not heav'n!

Barb. Have I then bent thy pride?

Why, this is conquest ev'n beyond my hope!—

lie there, thou slave! lie till *Zaphira*'s cries

rouze thee from thy posture!

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs?—unmanly
wretch!—

urse on the fear that cou'd betray my limbs,

[Rising.]

coward limbs, to this dishonest posture!

Long

Long have I scorn'd, I now defy thy pow'r.

Barb. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.—
Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O spare my son!
Sure filial virtue never was a crime!
Save but my son!—I yield me to thy wish!—
What do I say!—The marriage vow—O horror!
This hour shall make me thine!—

Selim. What! doom thyself
The guilty partner of a murderer's bed,
Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood!—
To be the mother of destructive tyrants,
The curses of mankind!—By heav'n, I swear,
The guilty hour that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life!—

Barb. Or yield thee, or he dies!—

Zaph. The conflict's past.—I will resume my
greatness:
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd, with honour!

[*Embracing*
Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us:—
Now see, despairing guilt! that virtue still
Shall conquer, tho' in ruin.

Barb. Drag them hence:
Her to the altar:—*Selim* to his fate.

Zaph. O *Selim*! O my son!—Thy doom is death!
Wou'd it were mine!

Selim. Wou'd I cou'd give it thee!
Is there no means to save her! lend, ye guards,
Ye ministers of death, in pity lend
Your swords, or some kind weapon of destruction!—
Sure the most mournful boon, that ever son
Ask'd for the best of mothers!

Zaph. Dearest *Selim*!

Barb. I'll hear no more.—Guards, bear them to the
fate.

Selim. One last embrace!
Farewel! farewel for ever!

[*Guards seize them*
Guards struggle with the
Zaph.

Zaph. One moment yet!—Pity a mother's pangs!—
O *Selim*!

Selim. O my mother! [*Exeunt Selim and Zaphira.*]

Barb. My dearest hopes are blasted!—What is
pow'r;
If stubborn virtue thus out-foar its flight!
Yet he shall die.—and she—

Enter Aladin.

Alad. Heav'n guard my lord!

Barb. What mean'st thou, *Aladin*?

Alad. A slave arrived,

Says that young *Selim* lives: nay, somewhere lurks
Within these walls.

Barb. The lurking traitor's found,
Convicted, and disarm'd.—Ev'n now he aim'd
This dagger at my heart.

Alad. Audacious traitor!

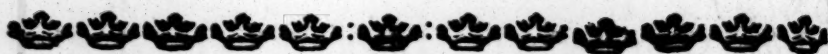
The slave says further, that he brings thee tidings
Of dark conspiracy, now hov'ring o'er us:
And claims thy private ear.

Barb. Of dark conspiracy?
Where?—Among whom?

Alad. The secret friends of *Selim*,
Who nightly haunt the city.

Barb. Curse the traitors!
Now speed thee *Aladin*.—Send forth our spies:
Explore their haunts. For, by th' infernal pow'rs,
I will let loose my rage.—The furious lion
Now foams indignant, scorning tears and cries.
Let *Selim* forthwith die—Come, mighty vengeance!
Stir me to cruelty! the rack shall groan
With new-born horrors!—I will issue forth,
Like midnight pestilence! my breath shall strew
The streets with dead; and havock stalk in gore.
Hence, pity!—Feed the milky thought of babes:
Mine is of bloodier hue.

A C T



ACT V.

Enter BARBAROSSA and ALADIN.

BARBAROSSA.

IS the watch doubled? are the gates secur'd
Against surprize?

Alad. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Barb. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy, on further inquest,
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
And now return'd from search, affirm that sleep
Has wrap'd the city.

Alad. But while *Selim* lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls;
Nor bars, nor centinels can give us safety.

Barb. Right, *Aladin*. His hour of fate approaches.—
How goes the night?

Alad. The second watch is near.

Barb. 'Tis well:—Whene'er it rings the traitor dies.
So hath my will ordain'd—I'll seize th' occasion,
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.

Alad. True: for he aim'd his dagger at thy heart.

Barb. He did. Hence justice, uncompell'd, shall
seem

To lend her sword, and do ambition's work.

Alad. His bold resolves have steel'd *Zaphira*'s breast
Against thy love: thence he deserves to die.

Barb. And death's his doom.—Yet, first the rack
shall rend

Each secret from his heart; unless he give
Zaphira to my arms, by marriage-vows,
With full consent, ere yet the second watch

Tol

Toll for his death.—Curse on this woman's weakness!
 yet wou'd win her love! haste, seek out *Othman*:
 Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
 hang o'er young *Selim*'s head, if swift compliance
 plead not his pardon. [Exit Aladin.
 stubborn fortitude!
 Had he not interpos'd, success had crown'd
 My love, now hopeless.—Then let vengeance seize him.

Enter Irene.

Irene. O night of horror!—Hear me, honor'd father!
 e'er *Irene*'s peace was dear to thee,
 now hear me!

Barb. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?
 Had not my sacred will ordain thee hence?
 Let thee to rest; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O fatal words! by ev'ry sacred tie,
 Recall the dire decree!—

Barb. What wou'dst thou say?
 Whom plead for?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
 Condemn'd to die.

Barb. And justly!—But this hour,
 The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
 His dagger at my heart.

Irene. Might pity plead!

Barb. What!—plead for treachery?

Irene. Yet pity might bestow a milder name.

Wou'dst thou not love the child, whose fortitude
 Wou'd hazard life for thee?—Oh, think on that:—

His noble mind hates not a virtuous foe:

His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother!

Barb. Damn'd was his purpose: and accurst art
 Thou,

Whose perfidy wou'd save the dark assassin,
 Who sought thy father's life!—Hence, from my sight.

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my *Selim*!

Barb. Thy *Selim*?—Thine?

Irene. Thou know'st—by gratitude

He's

He's mine.—Had not his generous hand redeem'd me,
What then had been *Irene*?

Barb. Faithless wretch!

Unhappy father! whose perfidious child
Leagues with his deadliest foe; and guides the dagger
Ev'n to his heart!—Perdition catch thy falshood!
And is it thus, a thankless child repays me,
For all the guilt in which I plung'd my soul,
To raise her to a throne!

Irene. O spare these words,
More keen than daggers to my bleeding heart!
Let me not live suspected!—Dearest father!—
Behold my breast! write thy suspicions here:
Write them in blood; but spare the gen'rous youth,
Who sav'd me from dishonour!

Barb. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge: thy fond intreaties seal
His instant death.—In him, I'll punish thee.—
Away!

Irene. Yet hear me! ere my tortur'd soul
Rush on some deed of horror!

Barb. Seize her, guards.—
Convey the frantic ideot from my presence:
See that she do no violence on herself.

Irene. O *Selim*! generous youth!—how have I
fears

Betray'd thee to destruction!—Slaves, unhand me!—
Think ye, I'll live to bear these pangs of grief,
These horrors that oppress my tortur'd soul?—
Inhuman father!—Generous, injur'd youth!—
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans!—O horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him!—Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and pray'rs!—At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet! [*Exit Irene and guards*]

Barb. O torment, torment!
Ev'n in the midst of pow'r!—the vilest slave
More happy far than I!—The very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace!—O false ambition,

Thou lying phantom! whither hast thou lur'd me!
 Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
 Forsaken, comfortless! with not a friend
 In whom my soul can trust!

Enter Aladin.

Hast thou seen *Othman*?

He will not, sure, conspire against my peace,

Alad. He's fled my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.

The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd

The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:

And as they pass'd, *Othman* in whispers said,

"Now farewell, bloody tyrant."

Barb. Slave, thou ly'st!

He did not dare to say it. Or, if he did,

Pernicious slave, why dost thou wound my ear

By the foul repetition?—Gracious pow'rs,

Let me be calm!—O my distracted Soul!—

How am I rent in pieces;—*Othman* fled!—

Why then may all hell's curses follow him!—

What's to be done? some mischief lurks unseen.

Alad. Prevent it then—

Barb. By *Selim*'s instant death—

Alad. Ay, doubtless.

Barb. Is the rack prepar'd?

Alad. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains.

The ministers of death stand round; and wait

Thy last command.

Barb. Once more I'll try to bend

His stubborn soul.—Conduct me forthwith to him:

And if he now disdain my profer'd kindness,

Destruction swallows him!

[*Exeunt*

Selim discover'd in chains, executioner, officers, &c. and
 rack.

Selim. I pray you, friends,

When I am dead, let not indignity

D

Insult

50. BARBAROSSA.

Insult these poor remains. See them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb! I ask no more.

Officer. They shall

Selim. How goes the night?

Officer. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch is near.

Selim. Let it come on;
I am prepar'd.

Enter Barbarossa.

Barb. So—raise him from the ground,—

[They raise him.]

Perfidious boy! Behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery!—Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Barb. Didst thou not aim thy dagger at my heart?

Selim. I did.

Barb. Yet heav'n defeated thy intent;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. 'Tis not ours,
To question heav'n. Th' intent, and not the deed
Is in our pow'r: and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Barb. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee—

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?—Thy rage is weak,
Thy torments pow'rless o'er the steady mind:
He who cou'd bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Barb. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save *Zaphira*!—For the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel, to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death: I scorn his darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor prophane my dying hour!

Barb. Then take thy wish.

[Bell tolls.]
The

There goes the fatal knell.

Thy fate is seal'd—Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee,
From instant death. Yet ere th' assassin die,
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.

The traitor *Othman's* fled;—Conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.

Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort

The lurking treason; and this murd'rer call

On death, to end his woes.

[Exit Barbarossa.

Selim. Come on then.

[They bind him.

Begin the work of death.—what! bound with cords,

Like a vile criminal!—O, valiant friends,

When will ye give me vengeance!

Enter Irene.

Irene. Stop, O stop!

Hold your accursed hands!—On me, on me,

Pour all your torments!—How shall I approach thee!

Selim. These are thy father's gifts!—Yet thou art
guiltless:

Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best,

Most amiable of women!

Irene. Rather curse me,

As the betrayer of thy virtue!

Selim. Ah!

Irene. 'Twas I—my fears, my frantic fears betray'd
thee!

Thus falling at thy feet! may I but hope

For pardon ere I die!

Selim. Hence, to thy father!

Irene. Never, O never!—Crawling in the dust,

I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears!

Read me to earth! I never will complain;

But my last breath shall bless thee!

Selim. Lov'd *Irene*!

What hath my fury done?

Irene. Indeed, 'twas hard!

But I was born to sorrow!

D 2

Selim.

Selim. Melt me not.

I cannot bear thy tears ;—They quite unman me !
Forgive the transports of my rage !

Irene. Alas !

The guilt is mine :—Canst thou forgive those fears
That first awak'd suspicion in my father !
Those fears that have undone thee !—Heav'n is witness,
They meant not ill to thee !

Selim. None ; none, *Irene* !

No ; 'twas the generous voice of filial love :
That, only, prompted thee to save a father.
Yes ; from my inmost soul I do approve
That virtue which destroys me.

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me ?

Selim. I do,—I do.

Irene. On my knees,
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince !
Oh earth and heav'n ! that such unequal'd worth
Shou'd meet so hard a fate !—That I—that I—
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Shou'd be th' accurs'd destroyer !—Strike, in pity ;
And end this hated life !

Selim. Cease, dear *Irene*.

Submit to heav'n's high will.—I charge thee live ;
And to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless, mother !

Irene. With my life
I'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe !

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage !—To frown on thee
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, [*Embrace*]
And mingle rapture with the pains of death !

Officer. No more.—Prepare the rack.

Irene. Stand off, ye fiends !

Here will I cling. No pow'r on earth shall part us.
Till I have sav'd my *Selim* !

Officer. Hark ! what noise
Strikes on mine ear ?

Selim. Again !

B A R B A R O S S A. 53

Alad. Arm, arm!—Treach'ry and murder! [*Without*
[*Executioners go to seize Selim.*

Selim. Off slaves!—Or I will turn my chains to arms,
And dash you piecemeal!—For I have heard a sound,
Which lifts my tow'ring soul to *Atlas'* height,
That I cou'd prop the skies.

Alad. Where is the king?
The foe pours in: the palace gates are burst:
The centinels are murder'd! save the king!
They seek him thro' the palace!

Officer. Death and ruin!
Follow me, slaves, and save him.

Exeunt Officer and Executioner.

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! now, thy hour is come!

Irene. What means yon mad'ning tumult?—O my
fears!—

Selim. Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty
walls,

And walks her deadly round!

Irene. Whom dost thou mean? my father?

Selim. Yes: thy father;

Who murder'd mine!

Irene. Is there no room for mercy?

Selim! by our love!—

Selim. Thy tears are vain!

Thine were thy eloquence, tho' thou didst plead

With an archangel's tongue!

Irene. Spare but his life!

Selim. Heav'n knows I pity thee. But he must
bleed;

hee' no' my own life-blood, nay, tho' thine, more dear,
ac' you'd issue at the wound!

Irene. Must he then die?

me but see my father, ere he perish!

me but pay my parting duty to him—

[*Clash of swords.*

no' k!—'twas the clash of swords! heav'n save my fa-
ther!

no' el, cruel *Selim!*

[*Exit Irene*

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me
fast,

In pow'rless ignominy; while my sword
Shou'd hunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down!

Othm. Where is the prince! [Without]

Selim. Here, *Othman*, bound to earth!——
Set me but free!—O cursed, cursed chain!

Enter Othman and party, who free Selim.

Othm. O my brave prince!—Heav'n favours our
design. [Embraces him]

Take that:——I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[Giving him a sword]

Selim. Now *Barbarossa*, let my arm meet thine:
'Tis all I ask of heav'n!

[Exit Selim]

Othm. Guard ye the prince——

[Part go on]

Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant.

Exeunt Othman, &c.

SCENE changes to the open Palace.

Enter Barbarossa.

Barb. Empire is lost, and life: yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter Othman.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor?——die!——

Othm. Long hath my wish,
Pent in my struggling breast, been robb'd of
rance.

Now valour scorns the mask.—I dare thee, tyrant!
And arm'd with justice, thus wou'd meet thy rage;
'Tho' thy red right hand grasp'd the pointed thunder
Now, heav'n decide between us!

[They fight]

Barb. Coward!

B A R B A R O S S A. 55

Othm. Tyrant!

Barb. Traitor!

Othm. Infernal fiend! thy words are fraught with falsehood,

To combat crimes like thine, by force or wiles,
Is equal glory. [Barbarossa falls.

Barb. I faint! I die!—O horror!

Enter Selim and Sadi.

Selim. The foe gives way: sure this way went the storm.

Where is the tyger fled?—What do I see?

Sadi. *Algiers* is free!

Othm. This sabre did the deed!

Selim. I envy thee the blow!—Yet valour scorns

To wound the fallen.—But if life remain,

will speak daggers to his guilty soul!—

Ho! *Barbarossa!* tyrant! murderer!

'Tis *Selim*, *Selim* calls thee!

Barb. Off, ye fiends!

Torment me not!—O, *Selim*, art thou there!—

Swallow me earth! bury me deep, ye mountains!

Accursed be the day that gave me birth!

Oh, that I had never wrong'd thee!

Selim. Dost thou then

Repent thee of thy crimes!—He does! he does!

He grasps my hand! see the repentant tear

Starts from his eye!—Dost thou indeed repent?—

Why then I do forgive thee: from my soul

Freely do forgive thee!—And if crimes,

Abhor'd as thine, dare plead to heav'n for mercy,—

May heav'n have mercy on thee!

Barb. Gen'rous *Selim!*

Too good,—I have a daughter! oh, protect her!—

Not my crimes!—

[Dies.]

Othm. There fled the guilty soul!

Selim. Haste to the city,—stop the rage of slaughter.

Call my brave people, that *Algiers* is free;

And tyranny no more.

[Exeunt Slaves.]

Sadi.

Sadi. And, to confirm
The glorious tydings, soon as morning shines,
Be his dead carcase dragg'd throughout the city,
A spectacle of horror!

Selim. Curb thy zeal.
Let us be brave, not cruel: nor disgrace
Valour, by barb'rous and inhuman deeds.
Black was his guilt: and he hath paid his life,
The forfeit of his crimes. Then sheath the sword:
Let vengeance die,—Justice is satisfy'd!

Enter Zaphira.

Zaph. What mean these horrors!—wherefoe'er
turn
My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore!—and dost thou live, my *Selim*!

Selim. Lo, there he lies!

Zaph. The bloody tyrant slain!
O righteous heav'n!

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of *Barbarossa*. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne and bless thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, O heav'n!—Vain term
hence;

Once more *Zaphira*'s blest!—My virtuous son,
How shall I e'er requite thy boundless love!
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away!

Selim. O happy hour!—happy, beyond the flight
Ev'n of my ardent hope!—Look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss!—Behold thy queen
Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in virtue.
Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice!

Zaph. My generous *Selim*!

Selim. Where is *Irene*?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien

he fought her father where the tumult rag'd :
he pass'd me, while the coward *Aladin*
led from my sword : and as I cleft him down,
he fainted at the fight.

Othm. But straight recover'd,
Amor, our trusty friend, at my command,
convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care :—Come, let us
seek

h' afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
for her father's guilt !—Thy throne be hers :
the merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.—o'er her father's
crimes

you shall draw her veil ; nay, half absolve them,
when she beholds the virtues of his child !—
now let us thank th' eternal pow'r : convinc'd,
that heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction :
that oft' the cloud which wraps the present hour,
gives but to brighten all our future days !

F I N I S.





